

64

GOD WILL DEFEND THE RIGHT

Written & Composed for the

PIANO

By A

Lady of Richmond, Va.

W.H. Larrison, N.C.

NEW ORLEANS.

Published by A.E. BLACKMAR & BRO. 74. Camp St

Richmond.
J.W. RANDOLPH.
WEST & JOHNSTON.

Charleston.
H. SIEGLING.
GEO. F. COLE.

Natchez.
W. NASH.
CHAS. V. TAYLOR.

GOD WILL DEFEND THE RIGHT

STAND

W. H. RICHMOND

NEW ORLEANS

1852

God will defend the Right

Maestoso e spiritoso.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time, marked 'Maestoso e spiritoso.' and 'PIANO.' The introduction consists of two staves of piano accompaniment. The vocal melody enters in the third measure with the lyrics 'Sons of the South a - rise'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics continue: 'Rise in your matchless might, Your war-cry ech - o to the skies, "God will defend the right" Let'. The score is written in a single system with three systems of music, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

Sons of the South a - rise Rise in your matchless might, Your
war-cry ech - o to the skies, "God will defend the right" Let

haughty tyrants know Our sun-ny land shall be In spite of ev-ry

cres.

CHORUS.

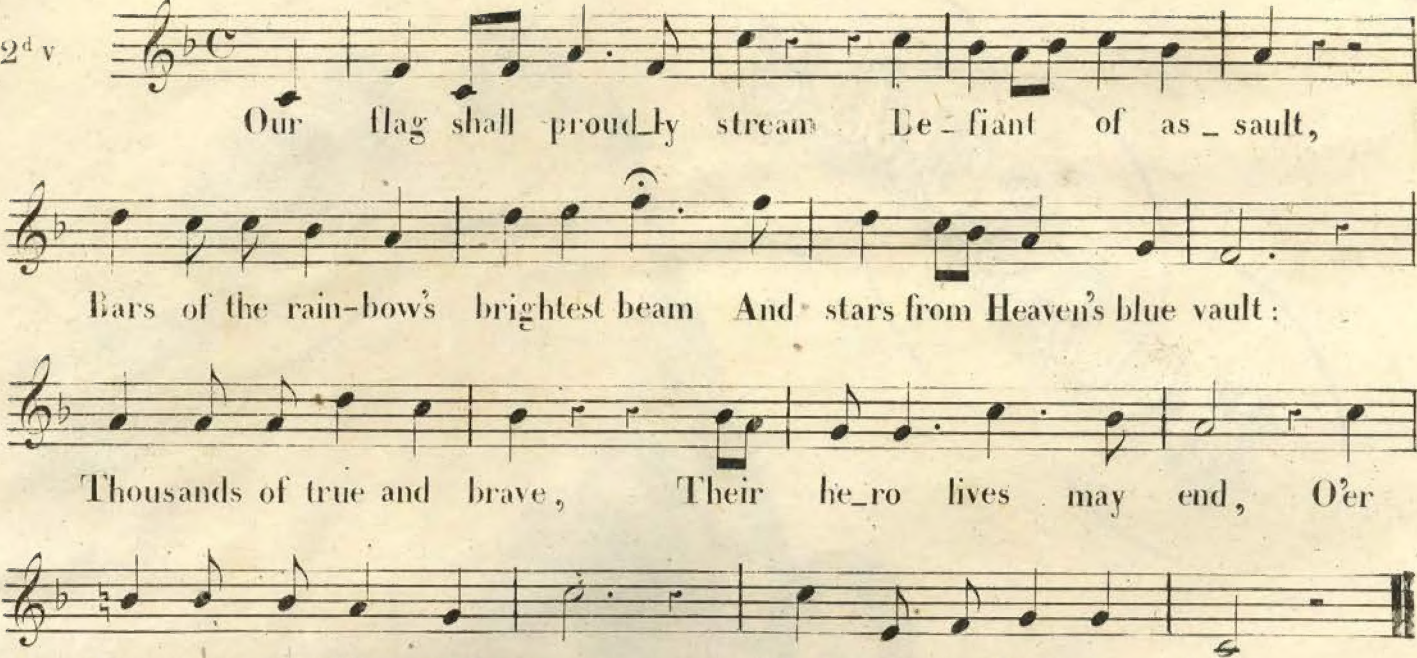
foe, Home of the brave and free. Sons of the South a- rise!

cen. do. ff

Rise in your matchless might, Your war cry echo to the skies,

"God will defend the right!"

2^d v



Our flag shall proudly stream De-fiant of as-sault,
 Bars of the rain-bow's brightest beam And stars from Heaven's blue vault:
 Thousands of true and brave, Their he-ro lives may end, O'er
 thousands that Flag shall wave, Thousands its folds de-fend.

CHORUS. Sons of the South

5

No wrongs our breasts alarm,
 No fears our hearts appal,
 Unswerving justice nerves our arm,
 We cannot conquered fall.
 Think on our noble sires,
 Immortal in renown,
 Think on our altar-fires
 And strike the oppressor down!

CHORUS. Sons of the South &c.

4

With threats of horrors dire,
 The fierce invader comes,
 We scorn his boasts, we scorn his ire,
 Striving for hearths and homes;
 Strike for our mothers now,
 For daughters, sisters, wives,
 Freely would each bestow
 Were it ten thousand lives.

CHORUS. Sons of the South &c.

